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This is an age of Populistic ideas—of a recrudescence of the same fallacies so often weighed in the balance and found wanting in the course of history; and it is most true, as I heard a pulpit orator say not long ago, that we must not only make the world safe for Democracy but we must make Democracy safe for the world. It is really but a phase of this Populism which is at the root of the effort of many of our legislators to place almost the entire cost of the war not only upon this generation but upon those who, having large means, are “best able to pay”—a vicious principle, enabling a Majority to vote taxes upon a Minority and escape entirely themselves where the benefit is shared by all. Equality of fortune has never been attained, and it is no more just to impose taxes in this way now than it would be to do so at any time for public purposes. The exigencies of the case no doubt require that large sums shall be raised where they can be found, but let us put these levies upon the ground of sudden necessity, not upon the ground of a general principle.

If the beneficial results of this war are to be shared largely by posterity, who will not risk life as this generation must, surely that posterity ought at least to bear a considerable share of the war's material cost; and yet those who favor the imposing of almost the whole burden on a few, desire also to increase that burden by leaving as little as possible for the coming generation to bear! It is impossible not to see in the arguments of Mr. LaFollette and his friends an underlying class feeling and an appeal to that feeling in others: which if they had no other sins to answer for, would be enough to show them unfit to sit in the councils of the nation.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

LUCIUS S. LANDRETH.

THE AMERICAN LOOK

SIR,—Several foreign papers have remarked on the appearance of the American soldier, as a type so strongly set in its individuality that it has evoked interest in a world whose jaded vision can but picture men in khaki.

What in him, may we ask, at this time of strain and stress has gained such wide attention? Not his points of feature, nor strength of stature, nor shade of skin and hair. None of these. It is the American look. That expression of intensified keenness (which the English mistook for seriousness), the look connoting eagerness, zest, and—best of all—still unsatisfied interest in the world.

As far back as 1777, when Burgoyne with his Hessians surrendered to the Colonial army after the battle of Saratoga, that same impression of the American expression was apparent,—as conveyed by a Hessian prisoner, who wrote in his Memoirs:

We passed through the American camp in which all the regiments were drawn out beside the artillery, and stood under arms. Not one of them was uniformly clad; each had on the clothes which he wore in the fields, the church, or the tavern.

They stood, however, like soldiers; well arranged and with a military air, in which there was but little to find fault. All the muskets had bayonets, and the sharpshooters had rifles. The men all stood so still we were filled with wonder. Not one of them made a single motion as if he would speak with his neighbor. Nay, more, all the lads that stood there in rank and file, kind nature had formed so trim, so slender, so nervous, that it was a pleasure to look at them, and we were all surprised at such a well formed race.

In all earnestness, English America surpasses the most of Europe in the growth and looks of its male population. The whole nation has a natural turn and talent for war and a soldier's life.

Now that it is no more "English America," but every man's America, if the Hessian's ghost returned today, and visited an American encampment, he would still find "the slim, nervous lads that stood in rank and file," with the same silent expression of courage and fire,—but now clad in khaki in place of homespun.

Of all existing races it would appear that the American of today is the most compositively mongrel. But through this inter-naturalization of all peoples has come a product of our country yet unknown,—the American soldier. For the butcher's boy, the millionaire's son, the clerk, the sport, and the professor have joined the army.

And as they march by, you search each face to trace some difference of expression; but all you find is a common look that covers all, and converts that living mass of men into one great expression of American manhood.

No wonder the foreign papers have marked it, for it is the look of America awake. And that very look has made America what it is, for it stands for vision. It has made our men what they are, for it means zeal; and, God granting, it will help make the world what it ought to be, for it stands for courage.

The lines come swinging towards us, those long lines of men in khaki,—men from the West with skins bronzed by the winds of the prairies; boys from the South, with languid looks and smile; clerks from the desks of Wall Street; and rich men's sons, whose names have been a byword for sport and extravagance,—marching,—marching side by side, under the Stars and Stripes.

Call it climate, if you will, call it conditions of soil, prosperity, or struggle,—out of the melting pot of our free land, out of the maelstrom of immigration of Slav, Teuton, and the Latin races, has evolved a type,—The American Soldier. Hats off! all! as he passes on his way!

Once more we shall make good with our lives and fortunes the great faith to which we were born, and a new glory shall shine in the faces of our people.

NEW YORK CITY.

GERTRUDE P. BISHOP.

WILL GERMANY COME INTO HER OWN AGAIN?

SIR,—Jean Paul Richter once said that to France had been given dominion of the land, to England dominion of the sea, to Germany dominion of the air [he was not thinking of aviation!] How gloriously Germany exercised her dominion of the spirit we all know. But conscious that a nation of poets and philosophers was but half a nation after all, she sought expansion over land and sea.

Science, industry, statecraft, and the art of war were promptly invaded. Unparalleled mastery and organization of these fields soon made obsolete Palmerston's characterization of her as "The land of damned professors," and justified to a world hitherto skeptical of her capacity for aught save speculation, her right to new domain. "By Right of Conquest" became the German rallying cry. Conquest followed conquest until, carried away by lust of power, world dominion became her dream.

But alas! in conquering new domain, Germany failed to hold that